Waynessence
writers and artists at work

April Showers by Julie Yockey

Spring 2012

WAYNE COLLEGE'S LITERARY MAGAZINE
Waynessence, the literary magazine of The University of Akron Wayne College, is published for the campus community to provide an audience for aspiring writers and artists. All materials are published with the consent of the contributors, who accept full credit for their work. All rights to the writing and artwork presented here are retained by the authors/artists. Artists, photographers, and writers have produced their own work independently. Their proximity in Waynessence does not necessarily reflect the intentions of authors or artists.

Each fall, all poems submitted to Waynessence are entered into our poetry contest. In the spring, awards are given to the artwork or photographs that appear on the Spring Waynessence front and back covers.
From the Staff

Special Acknowledgments

• God, for guiding us
• Susanna Horn
• John Lorson
• Carolyn Freelon
• Interim Dean Neil Sapienza
• All the Writing Instructors
• Linda Markley
• Mary Tohill
• SOPAC
• Everyone who submitted to Waynessence

From the Editor

I took a break from school and Waynessence last semester to embrace my other life as a soldier and I could not have asked for a better way to be welcomed home than to be thrown right back into my role as Editor-in-Chief. Although I love my job in the Army, there is no room for creativity and I love that this leadership role gives me that opportunity.

The poems, short stories, photos, and artwork seem to be getting better and better with each year that I have been a part of this project. It is exciting to see new artists emerge and seasoned artists grow with in their art.

Congratulations to our cover photo winners. Their photography has made for a new and exciting edition of Waynessence! This magazine could not have been possible without my amazing advisors, Dr. Susanna Horn and my dad, John Lorson. It was also awesome to create my last edition as editor-in-chief with my little brother, Ben Lorson, on the staff. I am excited to produce my fourth and final edition of Waynessence, in hopes that the artists’ talents and hard work will shine through.

“Art– the end result of perception, wisdom, intelligence, discipline, hard work, passion, luck, accident, and coincidence.”
Charlotte Lorson
Waynessence editor-in-chief

Co-Advisors’ Notes

As we prepare for a well-deserved summer break, allow me to thank Charlotte Lorson for returning to take the helm as Waynessence editor-in-chief for one more semester. Your special partnership with Carolyn Freelon has created another stunning edition!

Thanks also to our talented contributors. YOU are the reason Waynessence exists. Your generosity in sharing your work genuinely enriches the Wayne College experience for students, faculty and staff!

May Waynessence readers enjoy this edition and become inspired to contribute through staff participation and by submitting their work to the fall 2012 edition!

I look forward to hearing from and working with all of you! Contact us at Waynessence@uakron.edu.
Susanna K. Horn
Waynessence co-advisor

This spring as we worked to put Waynessence together, another interesting assembly was taking place in the heavens. For several evenings in a row the planets Venus and Jupiter joined the moon in a close cluster to chase the sun beyond the horizon in what certainly seemed like an once-in-a-lifetime event. The significance was certainly not lost on me as I was living a parallel moment in working with both my son, Ben, on the Waynessence staff, and daughter, Charlotte, as Editor-In-Chief!

Thankful as always for the creativity, organization, and patience of my colleagues Dr. Suzanna Horn and Carolyn Freelon. I am especially grateful for having had the opportunity to work with my kids on a project so near to my heart. I hope you’ll gain as much enjoyment in looking through this edition of Waynessence as we did in creating it!

John C. Lorson
Waynessence co-advisor
Note: The Waynessence staff reserves the right to choose and edit written submissions as well as art and photography based on length, technical accuracy, and audience considerations.

Nature’s First Green Is Gold
by John C. Lorson
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A Storm Is Coming
by Gordon R. Beals
Dirt Roads
by John Argabright

When life’s load gets heavy and you need time to ponder
To soar with your thoughts like an Andean condor.
Go for a walk down a country dirt road.
That could lift your heart and lighten your load.

Look on life’s battles, some won, some lost.
Look who you are and consider the cost.
If through introspection, it’s too hard in dealing,
A favorite dirt road may give you some healing.

Dirt roads are special, travel them you must.
Don’t go by car, they raise too much dust.
Walk them instead, their beauty they’ll share.
You can whistle and sing, and skip if you dare.

One lane dirt roads, where thoughts come to life,
While reflecting on good times and maybe some strife.
The good times we relish and their beauty we carry.
Other times, memories we’d just like to bury.

Find a dirt road and walk it a way.
Smiles and good memories in your mind will play.
Grab them, hold them, don’t let them depart.
Walking dirt roads with a light, happy heart.
Earth Untended
by Joe Cheslock

Behind garage a sinful sight
thin layer of spring white
dusts last autumn’s crop of
Musk Thistle, Purple Loosestrife
here, tomatoes, beans thrived
love children of seed and soil
now ghosts of gardens past
join cat’s bones at unrest

no birds for crawling snacks
nor creatures stir thawing rot
squirrels seek appealing ground
not this forgotten sorry patch

whose dirt pleads the kindhearted
to kneel, rid reminders of neglect
ask pardon, make peace with
earth untended

Lost Leaves
by Theresa Rabbitts
Cedar Falls Water & Ice
by Julie Yockey
Fall Into Embrace
by Amanda Lynn Holder

Under a spell,
Only I can see,
No one can tell
It’s hidden beneath me.

I opened my eyes
And looked around.
There were no cries,
There was nothing I found.

The movement of clouds
Crawl up my back.
I heard sounds of moaning
And then a loud crack.

My spell is a dream,
A fall from grace.
I lay down without a scream,
And fall into embrace.

Jesus Beams
by John C. Lorson

I opened my eyes
And looked around.
There were no cries,
There was nothing I found.

My spell is a dream,
A fall from grace.
I lay down without a scream,
And fall into embrace.
Mom Has a Paddle!
by John Argabright

Mom had a saying about spankings that went like this. This is going to hurt me more than it will hurt you. My cousin and I decided to put some truth to that saying.

We were to get a spanking for something we weren’t suppose to do. We decided to put gravel in our hip pockets. Mom usually spanked us with her hand. That would surely hurt her more than us.

Mom had a paddle that we didn’t know about. Our little hams were tenderized, from the gravel, by that paddle.

I think my Granddad probably made that paddle for Mom. He probably thought we needed to be more obedient, especially when we came to visit him.

When we visited Granddad, we liked to climb his hay stacks and slide down. That was so much fun. If we had time we would always put the hay back like nothing had happened. We did the best any nine or ten year old could. You could hardly tell we had been there. Granddad would tell us upon arriving to stay off his haystacks. We would sneak and enjoy that so much thinking he would never know.

Sometimes we would sic old Spot on the chickens. That was fun. We would sometimes rock the bee hives and run before the bees could get us.

Granddad really liked for us to visit. He would usually be in a grouchy mood when we arrived but when it was time to leave he was always happy. We were good for him. He sure liked to see us visit.
Starry Night
by Jane Fink

Life flight starry night
What will seal my fate tonight?
Faith, hope and charity fuel my journey
Angels fly and calm the storm; they light the darkness and shine the stars
To paint the sky and land me in the arms of life
Terror Place
by Darlene Mullett

Between the tilt-a-whirl and ferris wheel stood the House of Mirrors. Like fog at night it drew me in, promised shelter then splintered me. Four heads floated, body in three parts like stanzas incomplete, no rhythm, no rhyme. Disjointed legs wandered, hands beckoned, eyes wobbled like moons out of orbit, a human jigsaw puzzle. I gathered body parts, reassembled, hastened to exit; body no longer riven—self forever fractured.

Reflections in Solitude
by Gordon R. Beals
The Run
by Joe Cheslock

Down dusty paths
and city streets
where many a shoe
had a love affair
with winding trails
and concrete squares
where aging flesh
no longer count miles
just sweat next tree
or marker
times so alone
only friend a dog
nipping my Nikes
or pain pounding
pleading knees

missing are marathons
and half’s
ten and five Ks
leg cramps, shin splints
tired tendons
unhappy hip flexors

well into my sixth decade
a creaky, gray-haired jog
this venerable shuffle
loping along
hoping endorphins
still love me to death
**Mam’selle**
*by Ruth Hale*

In the kitchen  
Drying the breakfast dishes  
Still in my pj’s  
Everyone gone for the day  
Nothing special on my mind  
A stack of cd’s playing in the next room  
Frankie Laine – Mam’selle  
The mind takes a flipflop  
I am in a dim café somewhere in Paree  
Romantic music playing in the background  
And a dark stranger is gazing into my eyes  
The Summer evening is delightfully warm  
The wine exhilarating and the moment amorous  
The recording ends  
The mind flopflips  
And I am in the kitchen  
Drying the breakfast dishes.
Autumn Falls
by Carissa Engle
Night
by Faith E. Snyder

Night is the sweetest melody
All the sound created the music
As I walk into the night
I am drawn into the deep beauty
I find myself lost in the sound
It helps me grow within my soul
Drawn me into the night
Hold me in the beauty and cleanse my soul
Poetry
by Joe Cheslock

I ponder sterile landscape
wait for creation to be refreshed like
crocus breaking dormant ground

I scratch, add seeds to uneven rows
nourish, pause, appraise

weeds like doubt sneak into fertile field
until pulled

soon buds fill the fledging plot
hints of color unopened
evolve through daily nurse and tend

day comes when blossoms reveal
invite a walk through a garden
preserved in time, so

in a hundred years
seekers in a desert world find an oasis
are renewed in a place yet untraveled
Clothes Dryer Pixies live in clothes dryers. If you have ever had a sock come up missing from the drier, you have dryer Pixies. Their favorite food is a freshly laundered sock. If they get out of your dryer, they can wreak much havoc around your house.

Today they were at it again in our house.

Mondays are Marsha’s day she chooses to do the laundry. It seems everything in the house gets washed on Mondays, and my clothes are usually the last to be washed.

Maybe now I’m beginning to understand why.

After the washer completed the washing cycle on my clothes, Marsha called for me to come down to the laundry room. Being the dutiful husband that I am, I again did as I was told...er, asked. I discovered the drain was plugged in the utility tub and it was filled with wash water. Marsha wanted me to stick my hand down in that tub and find out what had plugged the strainer.

Being the wonderful husband that I am, I again did as I was ahh, asked. I discovered the strainer was filled with something resembling a soft, loose, grayish, material. After looking at it, I told Marsha, “It’s just lint.” I removed it and thought I had solved her problem. Marsha didn’t think it was lint. Well, what else do you think it could be? It’s lint. Marsha didn’t think so as she had never had that problem before.

Getting a tad anxious over my assessment being questioned, I re-examined the “stuff.” It looks like lint to me. It feels like lint. “IT’S LINT,” I exclaimed, emphasizing my answer.

These know-it-all women. You can’t convince them without a twenty minute debate.

Opening the washer lid, Marsha discovered small grayish bits of “stuff” throughout the clothes.

I could feel a sudden feeling of anxiousness come over my body. Could I have been wrong on my assessment of the problem?

I apologized to Marsha, trying to downplay my mistake by telling her it sure looked like lint. I think she agreed with me because she had what looked like a faint smile on her face, but she didn’t look up.

We both started picking that “stuff” off each item of clothing. The process was very slow. Marsha suggested that we each take an item out of the washer, vigorously shake the “stuff” onto the floor then sweep it up.

I mentioned to Marsh that I was just getting ready to suggest that very thing myself. Marsha just grinned. I think she was remembering that we often think alike.

As the process continued, Marsha said she thought that grayish looking “stuff” looked like bits of paper towels.

At the mention of paper towels I felt a sense of panic setting in. Yesterday while working in the garage I was using paper towels to wipe my hands while doing some maintenance.

I’m sure I properly disposed of those paper towels from my pockets before placing those clothes in the hamper. I explained that to Marsha. I also told her it had to be those clothes Dryer Pixies. She probably left the dryer door open allowing them to get out and when that happens this is a result. They ingress and egress the dryer through those small vent holes in the drum. It’s important to always keep that dryer door shut if you have dryer pixies.

I think Marsha appreciated my knowledge on the subject. She was looking at me over the rims of her glasses with a dry looking smile...or was that a frown. Maybe she was in a hurry and didn’t have time for conversations.

Having successfully solved all Marsha’s problems, I thought it best if I retreated back to my computer.

My next project is finding a way to eradicate those ornery dryer Pixies.

If you have any suggestions they would be appreciated.

Just call PDQ-911R and thanks.
Family Game Night
by Carissa Engle

Samson
by David Battle
Autumn Leaves
by Faith E. Snyder

They have a life of change
They go from green to brilliant colors
Red, yellow, gold, brown, orange

The wind blows them around
A carefree life, they live
I wonder why can’t my life can’t be like that.

They find the most unusual places to hide
They live through winter

Come spring you can find the leaves still here
Carefree and wondering life
Why can’t we all live a carefree life?

Mirror, Mirror
by Jane Fink
Give Your Sorrow Space
by Carita B. Keim

Give your sorrow space.
Open your arms to let the cold embrace you.
The cold wind dries out your clammy palms.
The cold wind dries the tears on your cheeks.
Tell yourself you were made for the cold,
And the cold was made for you.
Let the cold give you the vigor to run very far
Let the cold give you the energy to reach the next house of refuge.
The house of refuge where the logs crackle in the fireplace,
Where the stack of blankets waits beside the steaming tea.
And let the warmth take over your cold. Let the warmth fill you as you let the cold.
Let the warmth give your fingers suppleness and softness.
Know that you were made for the warmth,
And the warmth was made for you.
The Returning
by Mary Ann Fear

She spends long tedious hours on her nest
Waiting for the little ones to hatch.

The time is long; sometimes it's cold and rainy.
She goes for days without eating.
But her mother's heart will not let her leave her brood

She returns to the same place year after year
To raise her family and is a welcome sight
Like the first flower on a warm Spring day.

She has chosen a sheltered bush in a busy parking lot
For her temporary nursery.
God only knows why she feels secure there
She must know something we mortals do not.

In time the babies will hatch and mother will lead them away
Only to return again next Spring to start another family.

She has no assurance that she and her ducklings will survive
And yet she comes back again and again.

If God watches over her so closely
Will He be far away from us?

Mama Duck and Ducklings
by Jacqueline Ranallo
I shed a few tears when I heard them say
My old barn was sold the other day.
It was carefully dismantled and hauled away,
To be used in a house being built, so they say.
Of the old barn's structure where I used to play,
Its usefulness has changed in a grandiose way.
Its sun weathered beauty will be on display
In a retreat for a family to enjoy everyday.
Even though your structure's to be no more,
They can never remove our times of rapport.
Up an old apple tree, almost to the top
From a limb, Mr. Barn, to your roof I'd drop.

Reflecting back, I can still see
A little boy climbing an old apple tree.
With a book in his pocket and an apple in his hand,
Soon to be on a trip to an enchanted land.
The Green Time
by Mary Ann Fear

The oceans, lakes, creeks and streams
Are weeping and slowing with choking screams.
Meadows and valleys are smothered with trash.
Grasses and flowers can’t find their way back.
The air is poisoned with fumes we can’t see;
The Universe filled with man-made debris.
Wildlife is dying a step at a time.
Soon all will be gone, we will have run out of time.
Future’s children may never know
The fresh, sweet air or white pristine snow.
A new day dawning without being hazy
Or rolling down a hill covered with daisies.
What have we done; what must we pay?
When all is gone, we will have lost our way.

A Tulip in the Tree
by Gordon R. Beals
**dear isabella**
by mike solars

there are bears
that wander here
every summer
eating herbs and clover.
they have no fear
of me,
crossing highways,
14 bitter januaries,
or november’s dark.

when ice forms a thin layer
on the streams
in december
who knows what
a wooly bear dreams.
they leave no track
or footprint
spending the winter
in a leafy corner
under the woodpile.

“where are you heading
little fellow all
copper brown and black?
when last i saw you
was one winter back,
Pyrrharctia Isabella.”

“you know,
it’s mid-november and
there is a vacancy
under the oak and cherry
mountain of firewood
in the barn, if you hurry.”

**Danielle**
by David Battle
Joshua
by Ruth Hale

When first I looked into his eyes
Strangely trusting, somehow wise
Hollowed belly, matted fur
I stroked his head, heard him purr
My heart was no longer mine to keep
I couldn’t forget him, couldn’t sleep
He slept in a garage in an old dusty bin
Neighbors fed him outside but he wasn’t allowed in
I pondered about taking him, I already had two
Then made up my mind, I knew what I would do
But when I checked the bin, he wasn’t there
I couldn’t find him anywhere
He never came back, I don’t know his fate
“Why,” I keep asking myself, “why did I wait?”
I regret my indecision with each passing day
And this ache in my heart won’t go away.
Fierce
by Carissa Engle
The Edge of Night
by Faith E. Snyder

The edge of night is upon us.
Open your mind to the freedom that the night brings.
Send your spirit and soul to soar the universe.
Remember your Maker above.
He has given you this freedom to soar.
The night is a time to sit in his arms.
How lovely is the peace that comes from resting
in His loving embrace.
The edge of night is upon us, welcome it.

Photographing Statues
by Joshua P. Friedt

“...we are merely statues in time...”
The Prince of Ned
by Ruth Hale

The ailing little Prince of Ned
They say has taken to his bed
It’s feared he has a cold in the head
He sniffs and sneezes,
Coughs and wheezes
And his nose is very red

With him came his cats galore
Behind him through the bedroom door
All told they number forty-four
Twenty-two, snowy white
Twenty-two as black as night
They cover the bed and floor

The prince lies sleepless in his bed
The cats now snoozing on the spread
Sprawled from his toesies up to his head
A sudden, huge, gigantic sneeze
Created such a mighty breeze
That all the cats have fled.

Around the kingdom it is said
The prince didn’t really have a cold in the head
For now he sleeps soundly in his bed
But forty-four cats, both black and white
Are finding that they must spend the night
Asleep in the hall instead
I weed-eated my aunt’s lawn in the prelude to a thunderstorm today. The wind smelled fresh, and I felt fresher. The sky loomed close, and the fresh wind carried the saturated, heavy scent of rain.

As I went home, the sky became darker. I began to cut the grass by the fence row bordering my neighbor’s horse pasture. The grass was high and thick. Across the fence, the grass swayed in the wind. The pony munched grass.

Every so often, I’d look up when a dark cloud moved in to block yet another light spot of sky, or when my weed-eater choked with weeds. With the machine off, I heard the sounds. They were what I expected—the whoosh of trees and grass, but the trees whooshed the loudest.

The wind, persistently gentle until then, began to gust. It was a wild time to be out of sight of most man-made structures. In order to finish the job, I had to be intent on the weeds which began to whip wildly like the full skirts of a dervish.

The wind and weather and grass and sky became all my thoughts as I slashed the machine back and forth. Yet my concentration couldn’t keep the long weeds from wrapping themselves around the machine’s head and stopping its whirling.

The grass swayed more frantically, and the sky lights dimmed. Nearing the end, I began to relax, becoming more certain I could finish the job before the storm. But I didn’t want to part ways with the storm yet.

I finished the fence row, pausing to yank at the taut weeds encircling the machine’s head. They were tough.

The first crack of thunder broke in the sky above me, and the sound rolled massively over the hills. Lightning flashed over the neighbor’s pasture. Thunder rumbled again.

I looked toward the house. First Mom’s figure, then Dad’s, stopped to watch me. The first rain drops hit my shoulder, thick and ripe.

I finished clearing the machine’s head and started up the hill. Mom and Dad took shelter inside. The raindrops pelted me, the thunder loomed, and the lightning was a fiery color. I stood in it, just waiting.

Suddenly, I remembered an acquaintance’s mother who had been struck by lightning. The rain was warm, but my instinct for survival won out. I ran for shelter, away from the suddenly menacing storm.
The Vagabond
by Mary Ann Fear

I have no silver. I have no gold
Nor have I sparkling gems to hold.
I have no stocks, I have no bonds.
I am a simple vagabond.
Yet I have riches beyond compare.
I am free as the wind, I haven’t a care.
I owe no one, no-one owes me.
The sunshine is mine, the earth, and the sea
I can use them as long as God planned for me.
A pilgrim am I in life’s potpourri
I have my health, I have my mind.
I have no daily clock to wind.
The friends I have are truly mine.
They care not that I haven’t a dime.
There are some who wallow in wealth untold
Their souls are mired, their hearts grow cold.
All that I am is what you see
But I am rich as rich can be.
I can sleep a peaceful sleep.
My humble dreams are mine to keep.

Flowing Water
by Sarah Mullins
An Amish Funeral I Didn’t Attend
by Carita B. Keim

This week, I’ve been collecting tidbits from my mom about the wake and funeral of her Amish aunt by marriage. Mom, who was Amish until she was 13, is too immersed in the Amish culture to be aware of how amusing some things are when translated into a different culture. Consequently, she drops matter of fact comments and innocently reveals insights into the Amish way. But not all of the things I noticed about this funeral pertain only to Amish funerals or Amish people. Some transcend culture.

On Monday, my mom announced that her dad’s brother Henry’s wife died. Even before she saw the question in my eyes, she answered, “He’s the fat one.” Unfortunately, for years, my grandpa’s two remaining brothers were impossible to file into memory correctly unless accompanied with the distinction of fat or skinny. The distinction is no mean one, with possibly 150 pounds separating the two. Interestingly enough, my grandpa, middle in years, is also middle in weight. All three brothers, however, share enormous, protruding lips. Their mouths are great assets to their body language, to say the least. Unfortunately, my great-aunt Anna by marriage had no such particularly picturesque body, and she dies without a face in my mind’s memory.

On Wednesday, my mom attended the wake, or the viewing, as the Amish call it. When she came home, she covered her face with her hands and said in a horrified voice, “Grandma Anna came today without teeth.” (Grandma has dementia.) My mom does shame better than an actress on Broadway.

On Thursday, the day of the funeral, my mom entertained me while I made supper.

Joe S. didn’t come to the funeral, and Anna is his wife’s grandma. She said this in a hushed whisper as if releasing a dark secret. Then she put her lips together and straightened them firmly. But he doesn’t have to come. He can do whatever he likes. She likes to show she can make brave concessions in the name of tolerance.

I sat behind Sam Mullet’s daughter. (Sam Mullet is the man behind all the recent beard cutting scandal). She doesn’t live with Sam like his other daughters did who are in jail now. She lives in Frederickstown. But she had so many other relatives at the funeral I didn’t talk to her. She was busy.

Pause. When she didn’t elaborate further, I remarked, “I didn’t know you knew her.”

Oh, I don’t. I don’t even know who she was. But I know I sat behind her. Hmm. I guess Mom and her sisters were doing some innocent gossiping and scouting of the subject of their interest.

Grandma Anna didn’t come to the funeral. Irene stayed with her. In a relieved air. Apparently she doesn’t like parading around with a toothless step-mother.

Do you know, they only had one bin for all the shawls, coats, and bonnets at the funeral! Cousin Lovina looked for her bonnet for a whole half hour. But she just kept on digging through the bin, and eventually she found it. That’s what happens when one hundred fifty women wearing similar black bonnets, shawls, and coats put them all in the same place.

And then a sweet story, made all the more poignant because of the Amish’s stress on frugality and hard work. Mom told this story while doing paperwork with five minute pauses in places.

You know, I thought confessions shouldn’t be mentioned after they’re made. Isn’t that part of forgiveness?

Crunching of numbers on the calculator.

How do they do confessions in the Amish
church? She asked this question of Dad, who was reading the mail.

Dad: During their Communion service, the Amish have a time of silence when people may make confessions if they wish. They go to the front bench and kneel. Then they make their confession to the church.

Mom: Well, it is serious. Evidently Anna confessed once. I don't know why they mentioned it at her funeral. Doesn't seem respectful.

Papers shuffled; her forehead creased as she looked at her columns of numbers.

Me: Well, what did she confess?

Mom looked at me and frowned thoughtfully. She said she was sorry for being gatsich.

She looked back at her papers.

Me: Well, what's gatsich?

Mom: That's when you're selfish, especially with your money. She said she wished she would have helped more people. I don't know why they mentioned it at her funeral. Doesn't seem respectful.

Me: How did they talk about it?

Mom: They said she confessed, and said she wished she had helped more people with her money. Soon everyone else in the church was confessing the same, too.

And that's what I'll remember about an Amish funeral I didn't attend—I had a great-aunt Anna whom I can't remember in life who inspired a community to generosity.

Watch the Sacrifice Lamb
by Jacqueline Ranallo
and
The Garden
by Jacqueline Ranallo
Age Six...A Lesson Learned
by John Argabright

I accompanied my Mom to our neighbors one day
To babysit their boys while their parents were away.
The young ones in bed and Mom reading a book;
I’m quietly exploring, many places to look.

Out in the kitchen on a drawer I did pry.
When it slowly opened, what did I spy?
Small blocks of chocolate in a box in plain view,
They’d never know if I ate just a few.

They sure tasted good, so I took just one more
Then I put back the box and I closed the drawer.
Pretty soon tiring of my little game,
I heard my Mom as she called my name.

As I went to the room and walked through the door,
A blanket and pillow was my bed on the floor.
I lay there not long, when sound asleep
A strange feeling o’er my body did creep.

My stomach would cramp then the pain would go.
T’was a mild cramp at first, till it began to grow.
I sat up in bed with a terrible fright,
Oh! I thought to the bathroom I must make flight.

After spending like an hour on that lonely seat,
An event like this not wanting to repeat.
What I learned that night and these are the facts.
Don’t mess with chocolate candy in a box called Ex-Lax!
Wind
by Carita B. Keim

Yesterday
The wind embraced me
Pelted pine confetti onto my parked car
Surprise! when I came back.

Today
The wind blustered as if to eat me
Slung grass-bit icicles at my face
Weariness. from fighting its menace.

Sometimes
The wind cleans me
I let my arms open, and it loves me.
Ahhh. Fall wind.

Flowers
by Sarah Mullins

Youngstown
by Joshua P. Friedt
The Snake’s Chair
by Joshua P. Friedt